

Weymouth. Tuesday Evening.

Sept 30. 1851.

My Dear Mary,

It seems quite natural to me to address you thus. My late letters from Bristol have been so full of "Mary," that I feel as if I had a knowledge of you not at all "in the abstract," but a very realizing and actual one. Bristol and its inhabitants Park Street and its inmates have not to shadowy and intellectual an existence merely as of yore. You must not be affronted, but I am beginning to have sundry delightful if not sublime associations with you such as I have not had before a vision of people laughing over tea cups or sitting on green slopes corners before me. I have borne with great sweet rep and patience all the glowing descriptions of Hotel De Ville balls & down on dancing breakfasts and Christmas Palaces & even Prorogations of Parliaments but I have envied my sisters their



Bristol visit as I have done nothing  
else. That is an enjoyment I could  
have appreciated and entered into with  
my whole soul. However I will dismiss  
all envy (it really does not belong to  
my catalogue of sins, long as the list  
is) and be very thankful for the  
delightful weeks that my family  
have been privileged to enjoy under  
your roof. I begin to feel so intimate  
with Mrs. Mitchell that I shall boldly  
send her my love which I here-  
with do. As for my friendship with  
Mr. Estlin I hold to that with much  
fear & trembling. Emma, Diggins &  
ever Annie write in such a  
manner that I begin to fear they  
have quite crowded me out of his  
mind & I am only remembered as  
their sister & aunt. However, I shall  
venture to send my very affectionate  
regards & beg him to keep a small  
place in his memory for me  
however large the number of Emmas  
& Diggins or even of Georges that  
may strive to monopolize his friend-  
ship.

I did design to have written you  
a very long letter, the while my  
writing materials were before me



a lady and gentle man came from  
Boston to see my brother now with us  
and I was obliged to be entirely de-  
voted to them at the very time that  
I have hoped to be writing to you. But  
I will do better at some future time.  
Let me thank you, dear Miss Estlin,  
however inadequately & briefly, for  
your last very kind letter. I always  
felt sure of your sympathy alike in  
sorrow as in joy. You were very kind  
to go to London to see my sisters.

I have not the time even here & the  
need to enter upon my best summer  
experience. It has changed me in  
any respects, not outwardly perhaps  
but very considerably to myself. I live  
very much in the present and  
little circumstances do not annoy or  
disturb me, the little daily routine I mean  
that goes on around me. I have a  
sort of feeling all the time that if  
people are only alive & in tolerable  
health, & not left to the commission of  
any shocking crime, they should be plea-  
sured with content and thankfulness. It is de-  
-sirable that one should have food enough  
& it is not pleasant to be in <sup>want</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>having</sup> <sup>or</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>having</sup>  
will not admit that these things are <sup>really</sup>



fitting cause for affliction. This will  
quiet you a key to my present state  
I returned from Staten Island on the  
19<sup>th</sup> of August and have been  
leading ever since a busy & hurried  
life I am not at all to my taste.  
Little Rome in one has been with us a  
short time and unless the circum-  
stances we have felt a great respu-  
sibility respecting her. The weather has  
been dismally warm & my mother  
quite delirious at times & myself was  
very strong but I have struggled  
through & now that our fine weather  
has come I hope to have strength  
sufficient for the demands of the  
Bazaar. The Liberty Bell etc. Mrs  
Sumner very kindly assists me in  
the latter.

I am going to Boston tomorrow  
to attend a meeting of the Mass Board  
& then I shall talk over the  
place where the next Bazaar shall be  
held. It is not very probable that  
Faneuil Hall can be obtained. I  
think you will like the Garrison's last  
letter to the Genl. It comes enclosed  
itself to my judgment as very good



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under the circumstances. Mr Garrison  
finds it hard to entirely understand a  
man in Mr Grant's state of mind. It  
is difficult for any of us perhaps to  
contemplate things from another's stand-  
point. I must confess that the horror  
Mr Grant expressed at Garrison's not  
going to meeting struck me indivisibly.  
But perhaps years ago it might have  
been different; tho' upon the whole, I  
do not think that at any period of my  
life, I could ever have made church  
going an essential.

E. L. has dealt with Scott in  
a satisfactory manner I think. This  
worthy is still in Canada & we hear  
little or nothing of him. I cannot  
think he will try to see any of the  
Mass Borne on his return. I have  
not seen Mr May since my return  
from N. Y. but I hope to meet him  
tomorrow & that he will show me some  
of his Bristol letters. He has been  
most of the summer in Leicester.

My brother Warren has been with  
us for a fortnight. He bore the fatigue  
of the journey well & is improving in  
some respects I hope, tho' in others his  
illness appears to cure. His nerves are weak



and at times he suffers from severe  
neuralgic pains, or what I call such  
hoping ~~it~~ is nothing worse. His general  
health is good & he is looking as well  
as before he went to France last au-  
tumn.

Maria mentioned that she had  
sent an article from Mrs. M. Bell  
for the Bell but nothing came. I  
speed it without fail. I wish I had  
time to write something respecting the  
Cause, but it is late & I must not  
get fagged, so as to prevent my going  
in ~~own~~ town. Believe me we  
are looking at your proceedings with  
the liveliest interest.

I am anxious to know where the Ed.  
will sit in stance, & indeed settled  
in general.

May I trouble you to see the  
enclosed note to Mr. Thompson posted,  
also to give my very affectionate  
regards to R. S. Webb when you write  
him & many thanks for his last  
very interesting letter.

Hoping to hear from you soon  
I remain most truly yrs

Anne Weston.

This is a shabby letter in return for your  
kind & kind one, but I can't write better